

# Good Morning \$42

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## INVENTOR THINKING

SLAP that placard on every man quietly day-dreaming in his bunk, lost in reverie—and leave it there.

Don't give him a penny for his thoughts. You may be underbidding. They may be worth a million!

For that's how some of the world's greatest inventions have flashed into our ken—from a man taking time off to think—and a stray thought slipping around. . . .

A day-dreamer named H. L. Lipman thought of putting an indiarubber tip to pocket pencils, and the brainwave made his fortune.

Another amateur inventor dreamed up a movable top to a collar-stud, with the happy result that he drew \$5,000 a year in patent royalties for the rest of his life.

Fate, in fact, often lurks in a brown study. A blob of ink set L. E. Waterman's thoughts straying. Seemed a pity that gravity made excess ink slip off a pen. Could the ink be controlled? Could flow be controlled?

Waterman was merely a hard-up insurance agent who had lost a client through a blot that held up an insurance policy. His wandering thoughts ranged from poverty to fountain-pens—and hey presto!

It was a Yorkshire lad, similarly, who got to thinking about the tough skin that forms over a pot of paint when the paint is exposed to air. Mused he, "A tough polished surface like that on a backing of burlap might wear for years!" And the result was linoleum—and £ s. d.

Necessity, in fact, isn't always the mother of invention.

The Alsatian who dreamed up the lightning or Zip fastener just fifty years ago thought it so unnecessary that he allowed the idea to lie fallow! A Swedish business man got to thinking about it in 1915, and improved it with one or two stray ideas.

A British firm bought the patents in 1919, but still the zip didn't zip till a string of day-dreams on the part of first one person, then another, found fresh applications.

The hook-and-eye, the safety-pin, the screw-stopper and cap for beer bottles, rubber heels, and "Blakeys"—all these little things in daily use were born in day-dreams.

That's not all.

When a travelling salesman named Gillette began to indulge in a brown study while shaving—well, you can guess what happened.

When a Swiss called Brandenberger found himself at a restaurant table with a dirty table cloth—but this time the guess is more difficult. Mr. Brandenberger thought to himself that a coating of liquid viscose might make the cloths impervious to dirt.

The day-dream was impractical, for the fabric when dry was too stiff to be of use. Yet the viscose presented possibilities, and Mr. Brandenberger dreamed up a little more. He had stumbled on cellophane!

Then there is the instance of Mr. Goldberg, whose thoughts wiggled into the crinkled hair-pin and a £3,000,000 fortune.

There's Mr. Lewis, who thought up the first telephone booth, made a note of it, and sold the idea outright.

There's the classic case of Count de Chardonnay, who went into a brown study

MARK PRIESTLEY SAYS—

## DO NOT DISTURB—



while watching some silkworms chewing on mulberry leaves. How did they make silk? Was it due to the cellulose in the leaves? If so, how could it be extracted? He found how—and a fortune.

And day-dreams work for fortune in other unsuspected ways. . . .

An absent-minded chemist named Fahlberg experimented with ortho-benzoic sulphide for some time without stumbling upon its great secret. Then he dreamily forgot to wash his hands after an experiment—and at supper found that his bread was sweet.

It puzzled his wife. It puzzled the chemist—until he discovered that the sweetness was

coming from the touch of his fingers. You now know ortho-benzoic sulphide as saccharine!

And a Mr. Heatin was ruminating about something or other while pulling on his boots. He tugged the laces too vigorously and the leather gave way. Until that moment no one had thought of metal rings to protect the eyelet.

Until Elias Howe snatched forty winks and actually dreamed of being surrounded by hostile savages, the sewing needle as we know it was unborn. But those savages had spears pierced at the end—and Elias didn't allow the idea to slip by.

You can't help wondering how many ideas may have

been lost to the world because day-dreams were allowed to lurch back to limbo.

Perhaps somebody somewhere has already thought up a tin for canned food that will open automatically, a collar-stud that can't be lost, a more edible substitute for sausage skins, a CHEAP non-skid road surface. . . .

All these wanted ideas—and 890 others—have been listed by the Institute of Patentees.

Some of the world's needed inventions sound silly, like a shrimp-peeler, or a machine to pick wrinkles, yet both are urgently needed by restaurants.

Other "needs," like a self-pouring teapot (no lifting) or a lip-stick-proof linen, are obviously labour-saving. Or can you think up a simple device to extinguish the heat under a kettle when it boils—or a simple applied preparation to obviate the daily need for shaving?

Is it worth a day-dream?

It remains merely to say that most of the world's useful inventions have come, not as the result of hard thinking, but during a brilliant flash of inspiration.

The man who suddenly had the idea of putting a whistle in a kettle spout thought there was "nothing in it." But he made a fortune. And when Seth Hunt thought of putting a pin-head on an ordinary pin, he had found the highway to wealth.

So let dreaming go on. And if you happen to strike a potential fortune in a thought yourself, here's one tip: Write it down before you forget!

## A.B. CYRIL BOURNE—HERE

THERE'S a steep, narrow, winding road near Long-ton, Stoke-on-Trent, which seems to lead to nowhere.

But eventually, after crawling up in first gear, our journey along the hillside track of many misgivings brought us to Hulme Lane, Hulme; to an isolated farmhouse on a windy hill; and to the little house by its side which is your house, A.B. Cyril Bourne.

And up there, at the little house called Springfields, in a peaceful eyrie of cold, fresh winds and silent fields, we took a photograph of a tall, slim woman for which a 20-year-old submariner has been patiently waiting.

We found her—your mother, Mrs. Florence Bourne—stroking the velvet nose of the faithful friend with whom she is better acquainted than of yore.

For the war, and the shortage of labour, has brought her into closer contact with old Dobbin from the farm next door.

When your mother is not doing her household duties or attending to the needs of your sisters, 18-year-old Constance and 13-year-old Mary, in a variety of ways, she helps your next-door neighbours on the farm.

Farm labourers are scarce these days, so Mrs. Bourne gives old Dobbin her nose-bag,

feeds the chickens, and helps to bring the harvest along the dusty roads of summer.

Your mother tells us that you asked her to have her photograph taken so that she might send it out to you. But always she forgot, or was unable to go to town when she remembered.



## ARE MOTHER (and DOBBIN)

And so this picture of your mother and her new friend provides you, A.B. Bourne, with the long-promised photo. All's well at home—and all send their love.

## Beneath The Surface



### With AL MALE

WAITING for my train to start, on the return journey from my Christmas leave, I spent quite a lot of time watching various Servicemen say good-bye to their wives and families.

What struck me very forcibly this time, however, was the intelligent seriousness of the Servicemen.

Drawn from all quarters, they seemed to be thinking men, highly trained to this job of war, yet, deep-rooted, there was unmistakable evidence that these fighting men were husbands, family men . . . civilians temporarily disguised.

You chaps are exactly the same. Your thoughts, training and efforts are at this moment centred on the business of wiping out the Nazi regime . . . making the world a cleaner place to live in.

The great point is, however, that when you have finished that job there is a bigger one for you to tackle . . . a home-front job, too. YOU will have to see to it that this Britain of ours has a spring-cleaning and that all the Utopian schemes airily bandied about do not end in smoke.

And there is only one way of seeing to that . . . it is by starting now to plan the line of action to be put into operation immediately the "Cease fire" has sounded.

The natural reaction of civilians turned Servicemen is an uncontrollable desire to return to civilian life at the earliest possible moment . . . to get settled in a home, put feet on the mantelpiece, and say, "To Hell with war, politics and anything international; I'm here, and this is my centre of interest."

To throw off anything which has a semblance of discipline, and to claim every freedom dreamed of during years of exile.

That was the line adopted by millions after the previous war . . . they were only too pleased to kiss the whole business good-bye, and were in such a hurry to do it that they didn't care who took on the responsibility of securing the very rights for which they themselves had sacrificed so much.

The millions who had given up everything . . . the millions who had spent so much time, far from home, thinking of what they would do when they returned . . . of what they would insist on seeing done for others . . . of what they would make sure took place to guarantee no damn nonsense which could possibly allow another war . . . these men deliberately left the business to others.

It was a very natural thing to do after years of suffering . . . after years amidst all the sordid horrors . . . after years away from the very things which meant so much . . . home and loved ones, freedom, and all that.

But the point was that these millions were the very men who should have taken the job on.

They had seen the waste of splendid manhood . . . they had missed death by inches . . . faced it until it held no

fear for them . . . they had, more than anyone, debunked many of the things which were supposed to matter, and realised that the only things that mattered were the deep-rooted things.

They had formed a comradeship which was the nearest thing on this earth to the brotherhood of man advocated by Christ Himself . . . and they had proved its worth.

Yet they were so eager . . . and naturally so . . . to shake off the fetters, to forget the horrors . . . to dive into their respective homes and jobs (when possible) . . . that they unwittingly played into the hands of those who had not been through the fiery furnace . . . of those who knew not suffering, and cared little for those who had survived the ordeal.

"But," you say, "the whole world is suffering this time . . . the home front has been blitzed . . . practically everybody is involved."

Quite right, but that also increases the number who might be inclined to want to "forget it" too quickly . . . the number who want to "get back" to civvy street, regardless.

Someone has to do a spot of thinking, and I believe YOU chaps, who find yourselves away for long periods, MUST do a great deal of it . . . you MUST on many occasions ask yourselves what is it all about, and more.

You may not have Parliamentary ambitions . . . you may not want to be leaders, or accept responsibility, but it seems a very big waste of time, to say the least of it, to spend so long doing your share in the great job of world-cleansing and then to chuck it all over as soon as the first pile of garbage has been swept away.

You know how weeds grow the moment you neglect your gardens. Don't neglect those gardens . . . don't forget all the things which you have discovered in your moments of very deep reflection.

You have probably discovered the meaning of sincerity, comradeship, brotherly love, and all those things which spring from the fountain-head, Goodness.

You have no doubt come nearer to the real things of life than you would ever have done. Remember that the real things in life are just as vital in peace as during the period of war . . . more so, in fact.

Of course, there are other people besides you, you, and you . . . and they have to do their share as well.

But don't say, "I'll start as soon as I see the other guy making a move."

It's the easiest way, naturally.

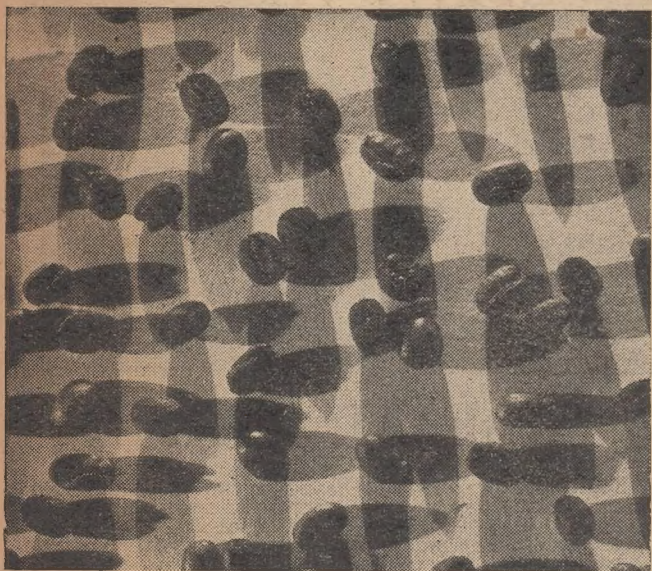
But it is just as surely the easiest way to slide into another state of selfishness and greed which will, believe it or not, take YOUR sons and YOUR daughters, as this lot has taken some of ours.

The future of Britain is in your hands.

Those hands are proving themselves VERY capable now. Cheerio and Good Hunting!



# SUNDAY FARE



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was Tobacco.

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

## TOPSY WAS AFTER A PIGEON

**THRESHING-DAY** is always followed by a feast-day—for the birds. All day long they turn over the chaff, searching for the grain that has shaken out of the riddles. Especially in times of severe frost is the chaff-heap welcome, when the ground is too hard-frozen for their tender beaks to dig for their living. Then they swoop down in clouds, until the stack-yard is covered with bird life. Threshing-day itself is the great day for cats and dogs.

The other day a ring of wire netting had surrounded the stack and threshing drum. Inside the ring, cats and dogs had made great slaughter amongst the rats and mice.

Especially had Topsy made a day of it, attacking rats or dogs with equal ferocity, for Topsy has a poor opinion of dogs at all times, and particularly as rat-catchers.

Having had such a good day, then, she ought not to have poked her nose in the next day—which was the birds' day. But Topsy will be in somehow, and, usually getting her own way, came off this time with only a consolation prize.

A flock of sparrows had come out of the buildings, hopping and chirruping with excitement at this windfall of grain waiting to be picked up. Along with them was a cock blackie, his yellow bill shining conspicuously against his black feathers.

Then a spinkie joined in the feast, and called attention to the party, of friend and foe alike, by persistently calling out spink, spink.

Topsy heard him, and, creeping stealthily over the heap of chaff, looked down on the unsuspecting birds below. But it wasn't sparrows nor spinkies that Topsy had her eye on. Two or three pigeons had come down from the cote, and were strutting fearlessly about at the foot of the chaff-heap—right under Topsy's nose.

It was seldom she caught a pigeon, and her eyes shone with expectation of a feast. Her tail began to wave, her hind legs worked silently into the chaff as she prepared for a spring.

Cautiously, she peered a little farther over the hill of chaff, and watched intently where a plump brown pigeon pecked its way nearer and nearer to its doom.

There came a slight trickle of chaff from under Topsy's feet, and, without further warning, down came a landslide, with Topsy buried somewhere amongst the sifting chaff.

Instantly, sparrows and pigeons vanished, and out of the chaff-heap emerged Topsy—carrying a monster rat that had escaped yesterday's slaughter.

Poor Topsy. No wonder she swore to herself as she put down the rat to give it a chase round. It was hard luck, after having "aimed" at a pigeon.

## PUZZLE CORNER



### THE MOUSE'S HOLE.

Put your finger in the mouse's hole (top right) and the mouse runs out at the bottom right-hand corner by the shortest route. See if you can find the way he goes—without getting caught in a trap! (Note: This is a "solid" maze, and where you can see that one path runs behind another you may follow it round.)

Answers in S43.

## HANNAH WAS A FEMALE WARRIOR

"SIX hundred lashes!" roared the commanding officer.

Young James Gray, a recent recruit to the army, went white and trembled like a woman.

It wasn't to be wondered at. She was a woman, though none of her comrades nor any of her superiors knew it. At that moment Hannah Snell, as her true name was, was nearer to disclosing her sex than at any time during her adventurous career as soldier and marine.

She had joined the army of King George II in those days of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 with a driving purpose.

She meant to find the husband who had deserted her a year or two before, and even the thought of six hundred searing, agonising cuts from the cat-o'-nine-tails could not turn her from her search.

When they took her and tied her to the whipping frame, she clung tightly to it so that they should not discover her sex as they bared her back.

Whipping was a common punishment in those days. Usually the victim survived.

Hannah Snell, in spite of being a woman, bore five hundred of the strokes; escaped the last hundred by the intercession of some of the officers of the regiment, and lived to continue her search.

### HER OLD DUTCH.

In spite of the fact that James Summs, the Dutch seaman she had married, had played the blackguard by deserting her and their expected child after he had squandered her small fortune, Hannah still loved him. And she had only one aim in life—to find him and win him back.

She borrowed a suit of clothes from her brother-in-law and set out from London for Coventry, where she hoped to get news of him. In this she was unsuccessful. Supposing that he had joined the army, she resolved to do the same.

And so she did.

She must have been an unusually strong woman. She had no difficulty in keeping up with the other recruits as they marched for three weeks to join the regiment at Carlisle, and she was quicker than most at learning the tricks of her new trade.

The six hundred lashes were undeserved. She was framed on a charge of neglecting duty by a soldier named Davis, whose plot to seduce a young

By D. N. K. Bagnall

girl she had exposed. Davis got a fine revenge—but Hannah won the love of his intended victim, and it came in handy.

Hannah heard that a man who knew her by sight had joined the regiment. Having borne the agony of the whipping to hide her sex, she was not going to have it revealed by an unwanted meeting with an acquaintance from her civvy days.

She decided to desert.

### PLODDING TO POMPEY.

The young girl whose love she had gained helped her with money, and she crept away one evening on a long journey by foot to Portsmouth.

On the way she filched the coat of a labourer who was working in a field, but left him her regimental jacket.

At Portsmouth she enlisted in the Marines, and in a few weeks was on her way to India. She hoped, among seafaring men, to get some information of the husband who might have gone back to his old line of work as a sailor.

She was popular among her mates, if only for her cleverness in washing, mending and cooking. To account for her absence of a beard she had given a false age, and was accepted as a boy. But this did not mean that she escaped the rigorous work on board.

She kept her watch, like the others, every four hours, and went aloft, wet or fine. During a terrific storm, in which it seemed the vessel was doomed, she worked at the pump with her mates and helped to keep the ship afloat.

After taking part in a siege, Hannah, still without news of the man she loved, was transferred with the Marines to Pondicherry, where the British were attempting to oust the French.

### THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

The woman Marine showed herself to be quite fearless. She was first of a party of men to find a breast-high river under hot fire from a French battery, and encouraged them with her bravery.

In one of many attacks in which she took part her career came near to being ended. She was badly wounded—six shots in the right leg, five in the left, and, what was more serious to her, a dangerous wound in the lower part of her body.

She knew that if the surgeons got at her, her sex would inevitably be discovered. At her wits' ends, she confessed her secret to a negro woman, who agreed to act as nurse.

Racked with pain, this amazing woman managed to extract the ball with her finger and thumb, and, with the aid of the negress, made a perfect cure.

Soon afterwards she was ordered to sail to Bombay. Here her ship was put under repair and the crew and Marines were put under the charge of a lieutenant, while the superior officers took advantage of the occasion to enjoy short leave.

Unfortunately, Hannah ran foul of the young officer.

He wanted her to sing him a song, but she refused, knowing that her singing voice might betray her. In spite of his insistence she resolutely resisted his request.

He got his own back by ordering her to be put in irons when she was suspected of stealing a sailor's shirt, though

## WITH OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN



## MORMON TABERNACLE—YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP

IN many respects the Mormon tabernacle erected in Temple Block, Salt Lake City, is one of the strangest buildings in the world.

It was designed by Brigham Young, and there is not an iron nail or iron support of any kind in it.

The roof is an immense half-egg, all timbered, with wooden nails, and covered with sheets of lead. There is an organ inside—at one time the biggest in the world—which was built by the Mormons, without outside help at all.

But the most amazing attribute about this building is the acoustic properties.

It has seating capacity for several thousands of people, and it is possible to hear, from the extreme end of the hall, the fall of a pin on the platform.

Nobody knows how or why the acoustics are so perfect.

The Mormons claim it is a sign of "inspiration" of Prophet Brigham Young.

The tabernacle is used for organ recitals and public meetings of the sect; and from its platform many "revelations" have been made by various leaders, from the President down to apostles, bishops and elders.

She received her £30 a year pension to the day of her death.

Tired of doing nothing, she took over a public-house at Wapping and called it "The Widow in Masquerade, or the Female Warrior." She had the inn sign painted with a jolly sailor on one side and a Marine on the other. People came to the house to catch a glimpse of her or get a story of her adventures.

Apparently, her toughness under punishment and under fire had not destroyed her feminine charm, for she was courted and won by a carpenter from Newbury, and lived happily with him, having a son who looked after her in her old age.

She died in 1792 at the age of 69.

## ODD CORNER

Most dogs rely almost entirely on their noses, and even tricks like recognising money and sorting out bricks have been explained by invoking the sense of smell. But the Airedale dog, Heinz, who lived at Mannheim, could solve mathematical problems in a way which still puzzles the animal psychologists. Examples of three of the problems Heinz solved correctly were reported in 1916 by the Society for Animal Psychology. How quickly can you do them in your head yourself? Here they are:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 + 4 = 6 \\ 24 \div 3 = 8 \\ 14 \\ - + 4 \\ 2 \end{array}$$

When Rags, a mongrel terrier owned by a Sergeant of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, had gastritis, he was treated at a branch of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Some time after, when he was out on his own, he was run over by a car and had his shoulder dislocated. Rags tottered over a mile to the Dispensary and "reported" sick.

Answer to Puzzle in S41: 17 Lines.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE spate of new postage stamps issued by the exiled Governments of European countries continues apace. As a general policy, they are best ignored, since they are without any real postal justification.

There are one or two exceptions. The Polish Ministry in London has issued a set of eight pictorial stamps, in the same denominations as the original Free Polish stamps, which are already on the up-grade.

It is intended to use this new set for postal purposes in Poland when that country is again free. I suggest that these pictorials will prove a wise investment, particularly if bought now at current prices.



The Dutch Colonies of Curacao and Surinam have recently issued stamps to commemorate the birth of a Princess into the Royal Family.

The design-it is the same for both colonies-is a family portrait group of six, headed by the Queen of Holland. The Curacao values are 1½ cents, 2½c., 6c. and 10c., and for Surinam 2½c., 7½c., 15c. and 40c. They are recess-printed by Bradbury Wilkinson.

These "Happy Event" sets are certain to appreciate rapidly.

Three days after their first appearance in the London shops it was almost impossible to buy a complete set. I think the printing could not have been very heavy.

Get a friend at home to find some for you, and buy at any reasonable figure.

The cheapest and one of the best buys for future appreciation is undoubtedly the set of two New Zealand Health Stamps for 1943, issued in October.

They are the first triangular stamps of New Zealand. The 1d. plus 1d. green carries the portrait of Princess Margaret, and the 2d. plus 1d. brown pictures Princess Elizabeth.

The present price of the set is 6d., and they can be bought fairly easily. Mint or fine used, they are well worth the money.

All the previous years' issues are still in demand and command high prices, and I reckon these triangulars will prove even more popular than their forerunners.

A word about the Amgot stamp, printed in America for use in Sicily and Italy, which is illustrated in this column.

The 15 centesimi stamp is coloured yellow-orange, overprinted in black. The printing is litho, with a perforation 11, and they are issued in sheets of 100.

Despite representations to the authorities, dealers in America and England cannot get supplies of these stamps for selling. But if you've got any pals in Italy... well, good hunting!



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to the Editor



# Good Morning

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